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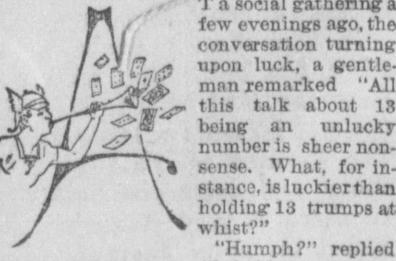
VOL. XVIII.—NO. 52.

## QUEER CARD STORIES.

An Unlucky Thirteen Trump Hand.

Played for a Kingdom—A Governor's Famous Long Game.

Low Cards Gave Gen. Forrest His Start—Houdin's Trick.



"Humph!" replied another gentleman, "I held a 13-trump hand, and didn't make more than one trick with it."

"How could that be?"

"Well, you see, my partner was somewhat hot-tempered, and when I trumped his ace he jumped up and fired me out of the room."

### Disgrace and Witticisms.

Henry Lord de Ros was once said to be one of the best whist players in England.

Subsequently, however, it was discovered that he was in the habit of aiding his skill by marking with his nail the high honors of the pack so as to let him observe to whom they were dealt.

"That would depend," remarked a gentleman present, "on whether he considered it a high honor."

Ros did not long survive the disgraceful exposure, and Theodore Hook is said to have embellished his memory in the following punning epitaph:

"Ros lies the premier baron of England patiently awaiting the last trump."

### Lord Lytton's Prejudice.

Lord Lytton was extremely fond of whist and belonged to the well-known Portland Club, in which were to be found many celebrated players.

There was one member of the club, a very harmless inoffensive man of the name of Townend, for whom Lytton entertained a peculiar antipathy, and would never play while that gentleman was in the room.

He first observed that Townend brought him bad luck.

One afternoon, when Lord Lytton was playing, and was enjoying an unusually fortunate run of luck, it suddenly turned upon him which he exclaimed, "I am sure Mr. Townend has come into the club."

Sixty minutes were not enough to ascend the stairs, and left the walk this unlucky personage. Lord Lytton left the table as soon as the rubber was over, and did not return.

### Houdin's Trick.

Happening to drop the money in the hat, I sat there until day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head, and then again I had lost, until night came, when we were all in bed, and I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and it made me cool.

"I took my hat upon the floor, and every time I sat down I dropped the money in the hat. I sat there until day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head, and then again I had lost, until night came, when we were all in bed, and I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and it made me cool.

### The Pins.

Another like it.

Another of the light-fingered fraternity, after winning 10 games at cards in succession, tried his fortune against a new opponent, and continued to win. He had made four points, and dealing turned up a king and two.

"My luck is something wonderful," he remarked.

"Yes," said his adversary, "and all the world over will have the feelings of the player of Ferdinand laid on them.

### Outwitted by an Innocent.

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# SAVED BY DEATH;

OR,

## The Strange Fate of Austin Craige.

By SCOTT CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER," "GREEN GOODS," "HELD FOR TRIAL," "THE GAMEMASTER," ETC., ETC.

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All are urged to follow the story attentively, day by day, and those next to the last chapter has been inserted especially for the sum of \$300.00 to his judgment on the subject in the book, more than 100 words each. No theories will be considered, if received, before the last chapter has been given, and no person may send in more than one theory.

For a week or so has passed after that publication, all the letters will be carefully examined by competent persons and compared with the solution given by the author in the concluding chapter. Then the result will be announced in THE GLOBE, and whoever is nearest the author's own explanation of the fate of Austin Craige will receive a reward of \$300.00, while the two whose theories are best will receive \$50.00 each.

Now, attention, all!

### CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

At the same moment a voice was heard from the hall, saying with mingled anxiety and eagerness:

"Let me pass, gentlemen! I am a physician. Let me pass, please."

In came Dr. Schiller, striving to force his way through the gathered throng in the entry and on the stairs; and behind him came the terrified mother of the stricken man, an elderly lady magnificently dressed.

A passage was made for them, and in far less time than that required for a reading of their record, these various incidents had taken place.

Mrs. Craige shrank fainting from the sight presented, and was supported to Miss Vernon, a chair being held for her. The doctor was quickly borne by willing hands, Dr. Schiller pulled by the detective and his friend, and carried to his knowledge of the crime; taking his wrist in one hand, while with the other he tore open the shirt-front to see a last pulsation of the heart. For a moment the physician was at Austin's neck and at the deluge of blood about him, had told the physician that death was inevitable, if life were not already extirpated.

"My God! how terrible!" he muttered chokingly, his fair blonde face full of grief and despair, looking up with agonized eyes on the detective, who was forcing his straining others from entering the room, he cried earnestly. "Do something, sir! I have a young son, Captain. My friend is not long dead; his heart is barely stilled. The assassin must be near, even now!"

"Are you sure it's the result of a crime?" asked the detective quickly.

"Positive!" asserted Dr. Schiller. "No suicide could have dealt so frightful a blow."

Caleb Prince was too shrewd an officer to overestimate the value of such evidence as a stain of blood discovered on a woman's pajama, and allowed a sufficient delay to augment the possibilities of a criminal's escape.

He turned quickly to his brother officer, who was at the front of the guests about the door, and cried sharply:

"Joe, both windows in here are open! Take a chair, will you, and see what the state of the house disease?"

The grounds and send a message to headquarters. Mr. Vernon, set a guard on the doors, and, as soon as possible, take a look through the upper rooms, in search of any person who might be therein concealed."

"Almost any one could have got in had he a mind to," said Marks, viewing the place with a smile.

"This is not the room Craige had," cried Morton. "It's this one, farther around."

"What's the trouble, sors?" suddenly asked a young man.

"We are you?" demanded the detective in return, and approaching the speaker.

"The groom, sor, from—"

"Faith, but a minute sor, I was round to the front of the house while the cabs were coming, and we're going back to the stable, when we didn't fell over the trellis what's what got broken down."

"Show it to me," commanded the officer, quietly.

"I can't, the room Craige has are open!"

"Take that, it's azy; it's right here by the corner post. I were just after trying to right it when I heard ye coming."

The horseman spoke truly. Close to and from the common entrance, the rear of the veranda, the wooden trellises had burst, causing nearly to the piazza roof, was badly broken away, as if by a heavy weight upon it.

"When was this done?" demanded the officer.

"Almost any time," said Marks, viewing the place with a smile.

"Come here, my man," said Marks suddenly, "want you to take a message to the office." He took the young man aside, when he found the room, a second floor, was located the chamber that evening assigned to the bridegroom.

A fine old-fashioned dwelling situated in extensive grounds grown with lofty trees; and was partially surrounded by a deep veranda against one of the colonnades, which was especially built for the training of climbing plants. Despite the evening hour, there was light enough from within and without to see with some clearness.

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The old year is dying. Before another WEEKLY GLOBE goes to press we will be numbered with all the other dead years that have joined the long procession of yesterdays since Time began.

It will soon be time to wish each other "A happy new year." Better still, let each one of us wish himself a happy new year.

Some wishes tend to fulfil themselves, and this is one of them. Every new year is, in fact, as happy as we choose to make it.

It is broadly true that 1891 will be for every one of us just as happy a year as we see fit to make it.

The first thing essential for a happy new year is to throw away all regrets for the old one. The year 1890 will on Thursday next be "dead, Mas' Davy, dead—dead as a door nail!" There is nothing so utterly dead and gone as an old year.

Therefore, let it rest;

trouble not its sleep; let its spectres, if it has any, pass with it forever to the land of unremembered things; make no effort to recall its failures, or droop upon its mishaps.

Let the dead past bury its dead and perform its own ghost dance; otherwise, for you there can be no "happy new year."

Take the new year as it comes tripping in next Thursday morning for just what it is—a new starting point, a spring-board of fresh opportunity from which to leap to new achievement, a clean page on which to write with a firmer hand in clearer and brighter characters. It is a very easy thing, if one will but think so, to have a happy new year. Happiness is not nearly so dependent upon our external circumstances as upon our internal conditions. To have a happy new year it is only necessary to entertain happy hopes, cherish happy memories, think happy thoughts, do happy deeds, and give our sympathies to all the bright and happy things that are going on in the world, wherever we find them.

The business man who really wishes a happy new year for his neighbors as well as himself has only to get up next Thursday morning, resolved to look on the bright and happy side of business life; to talk and act hopefully in his own business, whether it be large or small, and he will go far towards fulfilling his own wish. The same truth holds good in every relation of life. If husbands and wives really wish each other a happy new year they have only to think, speak and act with the idea of happiness kept steadily in mind, to compute what they wish. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," says the Book of Books; if he thinks happiness in his heart happiness will radiate from him and fill his home, his office or whatever other place he may be in.

This is an old but good story that exactly illustrates this point. It tells of a good old deacon in a small country town who, shortly before Christmas, was called up at a prayer-meeting. He prayed specially for the poor of the neighborhood, and particularly that they might none of them suffer cold for want of coal; and, as he said "Amen," he added, "I guess I'll go and see that that prayer is answered myself," which he did by offering a half-ton of coal sent at his own expense to every poor man's house in the town.

It will be a very pretty thing next Thursday, and a wholesome thing, too, to go around saying, "I wish you a happy new year" to everybody you meet. But the example of the good old deacon who prayed for coal and then offered it sent around at his own cost, is very much to the point. Wish yourself and all your friends a happy new year, by all means; then, to make sure of it, turn on your own private faucet of happy thoughts, happy speech and happy deeds, and your wishes will be transformed into realities.

C. K. EARL.

CO-OPERATIVE HOME BUILDING.

Few people are aware of the extent of co-operative building associations in this country, outside of those directly interested in them. Their purpose is, of course, to furnish cheap and comfortable homes for those whose incomes permit them to save up anything.

New York seems to have become of late the banner city in this enterprise, the telegraph operators having started the movement and the employees of the great New York daily having entered into it at once.

The names of the leading New York associations are: The Serial, with 20,000 members; the Daily News, 11,000 members; the World, 9,000 members; Herald, 9,000; Star, 4,000; Sun, 5,000; Mount Morris, 900; Harlem, 800; School Teachers, 1,600; East Side, 600; Dry Goods, 600; Millinery, 500; Produce Exchange, 700; Federal, 500; New York Co-operative, 600; New York and Suburban, 600; Tremont, 300; Bank Clerks, 700, and the Jewellers, 600.

There are now 35 of these associations in New York proper, and 90 in what is called the metropolitan district, comprised in the adjoining counties. They are largely made up of telegraphers, newspaper men, teachers and clerks, who do not suffer their savings to be eaten up by big salaries. The largest salary paid by any one organization is \$600. By careful management some of them have already accumulated as much as \$20,000,000 in small savings, all of which is reserved for investment in homes for the shareholders, instead of being impelled in selfish land speculations.

Co-operation is always bound to be a success, where it confines itself to the purpose originally intended, and does not become the prey of avacious managers who seek

to own the earth too rapidly. The New York associations above-mentioned are composed of intelligent men with their eyes open, who have refused at all times to pool savings with capitalists who have attempted to get in "for the good of the cause." They started out for homes and not for land speculation, and so long as they stick to this purpose safety and prosperity are assured. A portion of the invested savings was early devoted to the publication of a journal called the Home Seeker, which has not only become a self-sustaining but a profitable publication.

This new experiment, which promises soon to have a membership of 150,000, shows what legitimate co-operation can accomplish when divorced from greed and speculative recklessness. Homes in the great cities are rapidly growing dearer, and the movement in New York is worthy to be imitated in every great centre of the land.

ALL THE NEWS.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE gives all the news. It does not spread out the news in long stories to cover eight pages just for the sake of filling them, but it condenses the news, giving you all the news of the week in ways to enable you to remember it, and keep yourself thoroughly posted on what is going on at home and abroad. You save time and remember more by reading the news of THE WEEKLY GLOBE, which is the best weekly newspaper.

BANKS AND PANICS.

The recent observations of EDWARD ATKINSON on the banking question are being very widely discussed. There is food for serious reflection in his assertion that in the conscientious efforts of the great body of bankers and bank managers to comply with the rigid statutes that control them the opportunity is created for base and unprincipled railway wreckers to rob their fellow-men. In explanation of his remarks Mr. ATKINSON said it has been suspected that a part of the difficulties recently experienced were intentionally brought about by the withdrawal of large sums of lawful money from the bank reserves for the very purpose of wrecking railroads and changing the control of great systems.

Whether such a suspicion is well or ill founded, it is not, in Mr. ATKINSON's judgment, to be denied that our present artificial system of banking and currency gives opportunity for such transactions, which he properly describes as nefarious. He does not scruple to call it by the outright name of stealing, and openly charges the practice upon men holding conspicuous positions in the community.

A single slight amendment in the present law is all that is suggested as necessary to furnish a perfectly adjustable and elastic circulating medium. Mr. ATKINSON would put into the bank reserves, if needed, all the rest of the lawful money, the \$1,000,000,000, consisting of gold coin and United States legal tender notes. The gold alone that is today within the limits of the country would suffice to double our present bank reserve if it were to be drawn to the place where it would be of the greatest service.

Confidence and credit incorporated in a sound banking system, are urged as the sine qua non for the permanent financial health of the country.

The Scotch method of banking is recommended in its most benevolent feature, though there are those who question its applicability to our country in its vastly greater extent. Two conditions, however, are imperative for the general safety—the strongest possible security for our bank reserves, whether made up of gold or silver, or both, and the always ready adjustability of our credit currency to the requirements of trade.

G. H. CANNING.

MAKE PENNIES WHEN YOU CAN.

Pennies make dollars, and dollars will bring you wife or your children extra spending money. Pennies make dollars, and will enable you to support yourself and get riches.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE pays every agent the largest commission.

It will pay you to send for agents' rates and estimate how much you can earn in a year.

You can earn a large sum in a year, without interference with your regular business, or your son or daughter can do it out of school hours.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE wishes to secure a reliable agent in every village and town in the United States.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Those who intend to try once more the oft-tried experiment of making New Year's resolutions have not much time to lose. Such resolutions, if they are by any possibility to be kept, require a good deal of study beforehand. It must be the right kind of study, too. As a rule the more thought that is bestowed upon the subject the more elaborate and lengthy the set of resolutions becomes. That is going in the wrong direction. A more useful kind of study is that which discriminates, prunes and discards the superfluous. Don't resolve too much. If you do you will fail to keep your resolutions and that will tend to weaken your faith in yourself. If you are particularly fond of an after-dinner cigar and resolve to dispense with it, that is one of the resolutions that a discriminating resolver would prune out, because there is next to no profit in it.

It is a very pretty thing next Thursday, and a wholesome thing, too, to go around saying, "I wish you a happy new year" to everybody you meet. But the example of the good old deacon who prayed for coal and then offered it sent around at his own cost, is very much to the point.

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## AFFAIRS AT HOME.

Interesting Summary of the Prospects of Business.

## The Indian Rising Sizzling Out-Swindle on Senators.

## Smuggler Dead—Belmont's Horses Sold—Notes.

## A Good Joke Put on Wrong.

(Chicago Tribune) "No, I can't have any fun in playing on words," said the man in the big mackintosh, gloomily. "A pun once cost me \$100,000."

"How was it?"  
"You needn't gather round me. It isn't such a story. A fat old aunt had come to visit us. They told me to go in the parlor and sit down. I did so. Then a young man, I went in and told her in a cheery, off-hand way, that I had come in to make my obeisance to my obese aunt. That was all."

"But how about the \$100,000?"

"She left it to her other nephew."

## Marrage a Howling Success.

(New York Herald) I have bought a house for my fair, pale wife! Up to now she has been a trifle ill, but I have filled it with every imaginable triflet. That money could buy. My dollars are few now, but we'll manage. And we'll marry. And we'll merrily live it together, we two; For she is a millionairess—my wife—And can't take that house on the avenue.

## Bad News for One Insurance Company.

(Philadelphia Times) "George," she said, "I appreciate your interest in my favor very much indeed."

"It's only what I should do, Amelia."

"Well, just to show you I am grateful, I have discharged Ellen and hereafter intend to do the cooking myself."

## White Wings That Make Us So Weary.

(St. Paul Eye) 11 P. M.

She—How beautiful the snow is. The falling flakes seem almost like angels feathers.

7 A. M.

He—Say, darling, come out and help shovel off those angels' feathers, will you?

## Suggestion Dudes.

(Judge) Miss Glancer—Who is it?

The call-boy—A gent with a diamond necklace, lady.

Miss Glancer—Oh, bother! Tell him to leave it, and if the man with the pig's feet comes after him, I'm most starved.

## Undoubtedly She Has.

(Philadelphia Times) "I can't imagine why men's pockets are so easy to get at and women's so hard," he remarked.

"It's plain enough," was her reply. "It's a sign you have no business with a woman's pocket, but a woman has with a man's."

## Heroic Self-denial.

(Norristown Herald) "Please," said her father, "didn't I tell you some time ago not to let Johnnie come home before nine nights a week?"

"Yes; and he doesn't come seven nights a week any longer. Last week he was here only six nights and two afternoons."

## Besides Being Hard on Mr. Barrows.

(New York Sun) "P. S. I wish you'd get a girl to mind the door," said Ethel.

"Why? Because it was very embarrassing last night that odious Mr. Barrows called for me to tell him I was not at home."

## Painful Proof That the Earth is Round.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean)

Shatnick—Francis Train wants to go around the world again, but the citizens of the United States are not so anxious. Dunwidie—That's right. They raised the money once before and he disappointed them by going back.

## Sometimes the Girls Have To, Too.

(North Adams Transcript) An exchange in commenting on a coasting accident vaguely suggests that "silding down hill has its drawbacks." Of course it does; the sled has to be drawn back after every trip. Twas always thus.

## So Convenient for Intoxicated Men.

(Good News) Private citizen—I think those telegraph poles ought to come down. They are unsightly and dangerous.

Telegraph official—Yes, but think of the shade they give.

## Take This Little Sermon to Heart Today.

(Judge) The empty stocking on Christmas morning tells of an emptiness of heart for which the judicious as well as the humane should grieve. It is cruelty that cannot be repaired in a year.

## Or to Earn It.

(Judge) As far as military authorities here are aware, the mail has not been exchanged between the Indians and the troops.

She—But just remember how homely she was.

## To the Girl the Other Girl Always Is.

(Judge) He—think you are rather prudish. My other girl never objected to getting under the mistletoe.

She—But just remember how homely she was.

## Take This Little Sermon to Heart Today.

(Judge) The empty stocking on Christmas morning tells of an emptiness of heart for which the judicious as well as the humane should grieve. It is cruelty that cannot be repaired in a year.

## Two Christmas Eve Fires for Boston.

Two simultaneous fires in the lumber district, and one of them of such severity as to threaten the safety of the city, were brought to the knowledge of the treasury officials, and a searching investigation is in progress. The frauds have been committed by the consul and consular agents of the United States in Canada, and by the ex-consuls of Canadian ports in the United States. Some of the men of a band of notorious pirates destroyed by the hostiles are also stated to be unbound.

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She—But just remember how homely she was.

## What and When—He Proposed.

(Puck) This is a lovely afternoon. Let's do something.

She—right. What do you propose?

He—Let's get engaged.

## At Least One Appreciative Reader.

(Puck) He went o'er his speech.

Some two hours later.

And put in parentheses

(Heart) (cheers) and (laughter).

## The Sort of Girl You Read About.

(Norristown Citizen) She—Do you believe in reciprocity?

He—Yes?

She—Then why don't you give me a chance to reciprocate?

## How Little Young Women Know.

(Brooklyn Life) She—And we have you ever done to prove your love to me?

Mr. Pancake—Why, yes, poor fellow! go and take one of those icicles off the fence.

Scribner—Poor Howells! I don't suppose he would!

## We Need a New Pronoun, Don't We?

(Puck) At the Aldine Club:

Harper—Howells says that if Dickens wrote novels now, he wouldn't be read.

Scribner—Poor Howells! I don't suppose he would!

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(Puck) This is a lovely afternoon. Let's do something.

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## Check for the Old Gentleman.

(Puck) Lanman—I suppose you hung up your stocking last night, Willie?

Little Boston Willie—You sir, sir, always receive my Christmas check at the break fast table.

## But Not Too Long.

(Bostonian) Mr. Winthrop—Tell me, Jack, does it take long to get a portrait of a lady?

Jack—Well, if she's pretty, it takes a long, long time.

## Indispensable.

(Chicago Tribune) Customer—at any Chicago clothing store—I don't see anything here of the right shade.

Clother—What shade do you want?

—Something Chicago and not shown on."

## It Isn't Too Common, However.

(Detroit Free Press) The British steamship Elbowr arrived at New York from Hamburg Saturday morning. She had aboard Capt. W. E. Reid and wife, Fiske Mate Johnson, Second Mate Bergis, the cook and entire crew of the bark Fred E. Richards, who had been drifting helplessly for eight days in an open boat. The Richard was found by the crew of the bark F. C. P. of Liverpool, who had been in the same position for 12 days. The bark had been wrecked in the Atlantic Ocean, and the crew had to be rescued.

The bark had been driven by the wind and waves against the rocks of the Azores, and the crew had to be rescued.

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